

Match me this VVedding.

OR,

A health that was drunke in Sider and Perrie.
And good strong Beere to, which did make the lads mery.

To a new Court tunc.



Of late there was a wedding,
kept in faire Gloster towne,
Where lads to drinke their Lasses health,
did branely sit them downe,
And first bespake the Wine-growne,
here's a health unto my Bride,
And to all the sweet-hearts en'ry one,
young men you have better.

Then first spake kind Toby,
a Welch-man I protest,
Here's unto young Guintlin,
a Lasse that I love best,
Theres not her like for beauty,
search all your English spires,
And he that does deny it,
we'l have him by the eares.

With that bespake young Samuel,
pretty Beloe is my here,
For true love and for constancy,
none can my Love come nere,
And therefore kins Toby,
if thou'lt maintaine thy word,
Weare witness all that heares me speake,
I'le make thee eat my sword.

With that bespake honest John,
my Nans of beauty free,
Though not so faire as others are,
yet that we troubles me,
Her love was ever constant,
and so shall mine be still,
Therefore my Nannies health I'le pledge,
with wine and true good will.

Then Thomas he took by the ring,
being the fourth in place,
My turne is come quoth he to drinke,
a health to my sweete Grace,
Her friends bid mee love me,
as if I were their own,
Therefore my constant love to her,
for ever shall be shewn.

Then William took the cup in hand,
and thus began to say,
faire Bridget I have wooed off,
but still she loves me way.
Her friends were ever willing
that married we should be,
Therefore my Bridgets health I'le drinke
in hope she will love me.

With that spake bold Joseph,
if a man had house and land,
A woman to consume it,
would helpe him out of hand,
And so to get a sweet-heart,
I never took no care:
Therefore kins gallants of your healths
I meane to drinke no more.

With that spake trusty Roger,
this mans not of my mine,
For I have sweet-hearts thre or foure,
of nature good and kinde,
But yet my porcelaine Peggy is
a Diamond in my eye,
Therefore my Peggies health I'le drinke,
and longer till I dye.

W. B. 12 255

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The second part

To the same tune.



Then Philip took the cup in hand,
 quoth he as others doe,
 With all my heart this health I doinke,
 Unto my owne sweete Sue.
 For beauty and for constancy,
 I know she has a share,
 Not for her bewilderment,
 my Susan shall with best compare.

When Francis took the cup in hand,
 and said, friends are you here,
 This health is to faire Maudlin,
 a lass that I love here,
 Not London, nor faire Bristow,
 nor Yorke that metry tolme,
 For true love and for constancy,
 am put my Maudlin to lome.

When Henry took the cup in hand,
 and then these words he said,
 Here's a health unto my Mary,
 but truth is there's no maid,
 She is a bold and gallant,
 that hath both house and land,
 Besides a handsome woman too,
 For have you not heard.

When Charles took up the cup,
 and said these words most bold,
 Here's a health unto my Rachell,
 which must not be controld,
 Though Morgan into Rachell was his,
 and challenge's me the field,
 For as Morgan knowes I becomly there
 made him his sword by yield.

When Laurence he took up the cup,
 quoth he to make an end,
 Here's a health unto faire Isbell,
 my constant loving friend,
 For friends and mine have taken,
 and thereon are agreed,



Therefore faire Isbell I intend,
 to marry with all speed.

When all this strife was ended,
 I took the cup in hand,
 And drinke a health unto my friends,
 in order as they stand,
 First to my loving hostess,
 that lomes a pot and a tosse,
 And to her honest husband,
 call'd my red nose Post.

Next health is to all Tailors,
 where ever they doe dwell,
 That never hold their Cabbage,
 within a pit cold hell.
 A health unto the Baker,
 that never was misled,
 For yet put in the Pillorie,
 for lying of his bread.

A health unto the Willows,
 that we're old heads nor scale,
 What hath a faire young daughter,
 of twenty nine yeres old.
 A health to all good huswives,
 that we're old swears nor curle,
 For never do picke money,
 out of their husbands purse.

And then they drinke by company,
 all friends say ought I know,
 And every one most willingly,
 unto their homes do goe.
 Was not young Samuel at first,
 allato the Welch-mans heat,
 He would have binne them cutt off all,
 and laid to his them beat.

FINIS.

L. 1.

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 signe of the Head-Sheep in Smithfield.